

# The Christian Freeman.

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DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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## TO OUR FRIENDS AND READERS.

We have resolved on an important change in the Tenth Volume of the "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN." We are informed our paper has served the interests of our churches well during the past nine years, and we have been advised by both ministers and laymen to do what we can to extend its usefulness.

### ENLARGEMENT.

After much careful thought and counsel, we now announce that, from January 1866, all future numbers will contain twenty-four instead of sixteen pages. And, that an extra trait of usefulness and interest may be blended with this enlargement, we have made arrangements to give every month in its pages

### AN ENGRAVING

of one of our Chapels, with a brief sketch of its history and present position. We feel confident our readers will be interested in this department of our journal; and although we continually shun sectarian feeling, yet we need among us a greater denominational interest and a better knowledge of our churches throughout the world. These proposed Views and monthly notices will aid this friendly aim, and from our people everywhere we shall be glad of help in this part of our future plans. We trust every church has a View and pleasing reminiscences that we can have transferred to our pages.

### ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

In addition to the usual matter contained in our pages, the Tenth Volume will contain twelve Engravings and the same number of sketches of our churches. It will contain a series of articles on the LAST HOURS of many distinguished men—Milton, Locke, Newton, Lardner and others, all Unitarians. It will also have an article monthly on "Vital Statistics and Moral Facts." We have the promise as well of an interesting number of articles, incidents and facts in Missionary labour, shewing the moral and religious advantages of our views. This Volume will also contain a memoir of several Unitarian Ladies of world-wide fame.

### THE PRICE.

Our friends may possibly be afraid that these changes will necessitate an alteration in the price which might exclude our paper from many homes. It is unnecessary to say a great additional cost and labour are involved in our future Publication. We think our number of Subscribers may be increased to 6000 monthly, and this will enable us to continue to issue the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN at 1½d. The charge will be the same in 1866 as in former years. We may fairly ask all our readers to help us to a larger circulation, as the demand for a cheap monthly paper among us is thus met, and it now belongs to our friends to give it a long and useful existence.

### A FREE CIRCULATION.

In other religious denominations their periodicals are helped along by a free circulation. We ask our friends to aid us in the same manner. For £1 sent to us, 200 copies of our paper shall be distributed gratuitously among four of our churches; for £5, 1000 copies shall be sent to twenty of our churches for free distribution. We know of one church that owes its existence to our little paper; and we have the personal knowledge of some families, and the testimony of many others, that they joined the Unitarian church through the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN. We therefore ask all to help us, and we promise the volume of 1866 shall be the best of our series.



## THE THREE BAPTISMS.

It had been a lovely spring morning; but the serene clear sky had become overcast with fleecy white clouds, and the soft south breeze had been chased away by a cold north-easter, which was sighing and whistling through the budding trees. We were at dinner, when a quick, impatient peal of the bell startled us from our quiet chat.

"Please, sir, Harry Raymond is very sick, and Mr. Raymond wishes you to go in there as soon as convenient."

Not a moment was wasted; the half-finished plate was pushed aside; and, with the speed of one ever ready to do his Master's bidding, the pastor set off for Mr. Raymond's. He had not far to go, but soon reached the house; and, with noiseless steps, entered the half-opened door. The sound of smothered sobs and hushed voices guided him on; and, in a moment, he stood by the bedside of the little sufferer. A sweet, lovely boy he was; he had numbered seven summers; but one glance at him was sufficient to shew that the next would be passed in the garden of heaven, with angel-children for his playfellows, and angel-guides to teach and unfold his mind. Tossing and restless, he was ever in motion,—the small hands clutched the bed-clothes convulsively,—his cheeks were burning with fever, his eyes sunken, and the heavy lids were half closed over them. The mother had sunk down by him, her face buried in the pillow, while her whole form heaved with her suppressed sobs. The father stood erect and calm, gazing upon his child. The expression of anguish and deep suffering was on his brow. As the minister entered, Mr. Raymond turned eagerly to him; and the flush of hope for one moment kindled in his face, as if he thought the disciple of the Lord at this day could work the same miracle which restored the daughter of Jairus to her father's arms, and blessed, with the life of her only one, the poor widow of Nain; but, alas! it is not for the most earnest disciple to restore health to the diseased frame, or kindle again the light of life in the dying eye. The most he can do is to brighten that eye with the hope of heaven, and strengthen that frame by imparting to it the knowledge of the strength of the Lord.

"Ah! I am glad to see you," said Mr. Raymond, as he grasped eagerly at the proffered hand; "our darling boy is very ill; we fear he will die; how can we part with him?"

"God will give you strength, if you ask for it; and, if He recalls the spirit He loaned to you to train, you must feel it is done in love."

"Look at him, sir, and see if you can give me hope he will recover."

That word of hope could not be spoken. The work of death, that inscrutable seal which is the passport from this world to the other, was already stamped upon the sweet child-like face; the fever-flush was gradually passing away and the frame becoming more quiet; but it was the torpor of death stealing over him. The pastor could not speak of hope for this life; and the simple, trite words of consolation seemed too meagre for such a time and scene; but he knelt down, and, with earnest words, strove to lift the thoughts of the suffering ones to the heaven of light and love into which their darling had so soon to be admitted. As he proceeded, the sobs of the mother became hushed; the father's face assumed a more resigned expression, and his whole manner indicated, "Thy will be done." Ere the prayer was ended, the spirit of peace seemed to brood over the apartment.

"He has never been consecrated in baptism," said Mr. Raymond. "I trust it is not too late."

"Gladly will I commit the young spirit to the Saviour's charge in the rite which he commanded to be observed," said the pastor. "If you will give me water, I will make this dear child a member of Christ's fold on earth; then, when he reaches heaven, he will be welcomed as one of the lambs of his flock."

Water was brought; and as the cool drops touched his brow, and the solemn words were spoken,—"*Henry, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,*" the boy opened his deep-blue eyes, and a gleam of intelligence and joy lighted them up with supernatural brilliancy. Heaven seemed already dawning upon him; but the body was too weak to indicate the emotions thus excited, and he sank back into a lethargic state.



"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

With such words did the pastor strive to strengthen the sorrowing hearts, and impart to them the comfort he foresaw they would soon need, when the spirit of their beloved one would indeed pass home.

When he left them, they were calm; but he promised to return before many hours. Towards night he again entered the room. It was the same as when he left it, only now the physician stood by the bed, and his young brothers and sisters were clustered around their mother; the elder boy's face was buried in her lap; while the younger ones, sweet twins, scarcely past infancy, gazed with wondering eyes upon their unconscious brother. The pastor approached the bed, knelt by it, and, as soon as he could command himself, the words of fervent petition arose to the heavenly throne. He prayed not that the precious life might be spared; it was too late for that; but he implored the Father to receive the pure spirit which was so soon to leave its earthly home; and, as he prayed, as if in sign that the prayer was answered, the spirit without one struggle, or one heavily drawn breath, flitted away from its earthly tenement; and when the bowed heads were raised, and anxious looks were cast upon the precious one, the sweet smile that rested on his face told of the ineffable joy that greeted him. "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." "And he asked, Is it well with the child? and she answered, It is well," said the pastor, as he grasped the father's hand.

"It is too much; I cannot part with him; he is all the world to me; I cannot live without him!" said the heart-broken mother.

"O Emily! say not so," said the husband, striving to keep down his own heart-bursting sorrow in the desire to soothe her more acute feeling. "We have our other children left; we must love them more tenderly, care for them

more fondly, and strive to fit them to meet our angel Harry, when they too shall be called to the spirit-world. We loved him too selfishly: and perhaps that is why the good 'All-Father' has removed him; it gives us now a strong tie to the heavenly world, and may draw our thoughts, which cling so closely to earth, upward. God grant it may!"

"He has never known sin or sorrow here; his brief day has been a cloudless one," said the minister; "and you must take comfort from the thought that now he will be ever pure and holy. Temptation cannot come to him; but he will grow and develop under the very eye of Christ."

"Ah! that is but poor comfort when we feel he is lost to us," said the mother.

"Not *lost*, but gone before: he is your own child still, your angel-child; and, if you but let these thoughts draw your heart to heaven, you will find him ready to welcome you, when you, too, sooner or later, shall be summoned to the heavenly home."

How different was the next baptism! A beautiful day in summer, when all nature was jubilant. The birds sang a consecration hymn as the parents wended their way through the shaded streets of our beautiful village. The sky was cloudless as the brow of a trusting Christian; the deep-blue mountains, piercing the cerulean ether, lifted the thoughts above; while the smooth pellucid lake, mirroring the grand and lovely scenery around, seemed a fit emblem of sunny infancy, so calm withal, but in whose depths were hidden, to be hereafter developed, a wondrous power for good or ill. Serene and peaceful was the influence shed upon the anxious hearts of the parents who were that day to carry their first-born to the sanctuary of the Lord! It was the half-hour before the afternoon service. There was a lovely group collected around the altar,—sweet faces just budding into girlhood; manly, intelligent-looking boys, old enough to understand the holy rite; and the rosy, soft-dimpled faces of infancy, nestling close in their mothers' arms with confiding trust, whilst they looked about with eager eyes; now fixing a glance of wonder on the minister, then turning to



meet some familiar gaze or loving smile from the friends around.

Who can look upon that scene, and see those lovely ones, as yet unstained by crime, unsullied by falsehood, and not feel how beautiful, how pure, is the image of the Creator inwrought into those fragile forms! "Unless ye become like unto these little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," seems to echo through the lofty church. Unless ye become like unto them in trusting faith, confiding love, in purity of thought, ye cannot be fit to see God. "Their angels ever behold the face of the Father."

How each parent's heart beats with holy emotion as the child of its love receives the water of consecration! How truly and earnestly did the inward prayer arise from the depths of their souls, that they might be strengthened to keep the promises this day made; that they might guide aright those little feet in the way of truth; that they should teach them to rest on God, and to be Christ-like in their lives! Fathers forgot for a time the pressure of business, worldly cares and anxieties, and looked with softened eyes on the little ones to whom they were to be an example and guide; and mothers thought every pleasure would hereafter centre in the one absorbing duty of rearing their children to usefulness and virtue.

Oh how joyfully did the recording angel bear up to heaven that night the record of the prayers and tears and holy consecration of that day! Its record was traced in letters of light, and heavenly strength seemed to flow from the very words penned thereon. After the solemn service was over, the organ struck up its deep, lofty, and thrilling tones; the bell commenced its stirring appeal, summoning all from far and near to the church of God; and the aged ones, as they entered the gates, blessed the infants who were passing out; for they recalled to them the time when they too were young,—when their withered and wrinkled brows were smooth and fair,—when their hair, now stiff and gray, waved in light curls, their rosy faces nestled on a mother's bosom, and a father's hand presented them for baptism.

A greater contrast could not be found than was offered by the third baptism. We entered a pleasant bedroom, evidently, however, the room of an invalid. Upon the bed was lying an aged person; her hair, white as the driven snow, was smoothly parted on her brow, and concealed under a close-fitting muslin cap; her cheeks were marked with the furrows of years; but the eye was calm and placid, and told of that reposeful period when the soul is waiting its summons to join its loved ones who have gone before. Around the bed were clustered the children of her youth—tall, stalwart men, and kind, loving women—who delighted to do honour to the good mother who had trained them to truth and virtue. The love and care of years rushed to their minds as they stood gazing upon her; and she waited so peacefully for the touching ceremony which, from early scruples and later ill health, had been deferred. And yet another reason had delayed it. The servant of God who was this day to obey the command of his Master, "Go ye and baptize," had been nursed in her arms, and drawn from her the nourishment of his infancy. Almost her youngest born, she had watched over him with the deepest affection and interest; and, since he had consecrated himself to the ministry, it had been her desire that he alone should perform for her the holy rite.

All knelt around the bed, as, with a heart full to overflowing, the young minister poured out his petition before the heavenly throne. The holy duty before him inspired him with an eloquence unknown before. He wrestled, like the patriarch of old, with the Spirit of the Lord, and seemed indeed to bring down a blessing upon the aged head. She, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, listened, as if longing to have the spirit upborne on the wings of that prayer; but the fond affection of that loving circle strove still to keep the soul from its upward flight. They plead for the beloved life to be spared yet a little longer; they could not give up the kind mother, the tried friend, the centre round which each little family circle revolved, binding closer the ties of fraternal affection, and shutting out the coldness and indifference which might, but for this uniting bond,



creep in. The prayer was finished; the sparkling drops rested on the brow of the newly baptized. Nearly fourscore years had passed over her since she first entered this world; and now she stood upon the threshold of eternity, looking with an unshrinking eye for the raising of that veil which should open to her the life, light and beauty of that wondrous world which should make visible to her couched eyes the glories of the eternal Father and the risen Jesus, and re-unite her to the beloved companion of her pilgrimage here, and free her mind and heart from those bonds which this earth must ever impose.

### HYPOTHETICAL VIRTUE.

POVERTY and woe are unfathomable problems of human life. I have always believed this, and every fresh example that comes under my observation deepens the conviction. Long ago I abandoned the idea of reconciling these sad elements of history with the goodness of God. Philosophy staggers in the very vestibule of this research, and Faith must bring her lantern, else all is impenetrable darkness. So I mused the other day, as I was walking from our happy fireside to hold a funeral service in a garret. If God would only ordain obtuseness of sensibility to the poor, I have sometimes thought it would be a merciful dispensation.

In this garret was almost every possible aggravation of misery. My pen hesitates even to attempt its setting forth. A husband and father lying in his coffin, the widow clasping to her bosom a dying child, trying vainly to still its little wail while we read God's promise of comfort, and around the room all the signs of comfortlessness and desolation inseparable from the extreme conditions of want.

As I led the little procession to the grave, I fell into a sort of pseudo-pious reverie. All the fountains of pity were stirred, and some other fountains besides; for I found myself running both into misanthropy and self-adulation. And somewhat thus I soliloquized: "Why do these rich people, whose splendid mansions we are passing with this pine coffin, permit all this woe at their very door-sills?"

"If I were wealthy, surely I would set them an example of liberality. If, for

instance, I had a net income of ten thousand a year, I would go down that alley with my carriage daily, distributing benefaction; I would put a loaf and a joint into every cupboard. I would put a coat on the back of every shivering child. I would have relays of nurses for the sick, and a commissariat of soups, broths, jellies, cordials, and every other sanitary solace. Yes, I am not sure but I would build a capacious house, with every appointment of comfort, and put all my poor friends into it, and support them as my own family." So I went on musing, as we took our long, slow journey to the poor man's grave, when all of a sudden, a voice seemed to speak right over my shoulder: "Tut! tut! you imaginary saint, stop all this romancing; if the Lord should credit you on his ledger with all this hypothetical cash paid into his treasury, what a marvellous specimen of magnanimity you would present at the day of final judgment!" I had a feeling as if several skewers were thrust into my vanity, and its inflations were experiencing a painful, though mayhap wholesome, collapse.—Our arrival at the graveyard, and the services of burial, gave a brief respite to this castigation of conscience, which continued for many a day afterward.

Not long ago, I revived the topic of hypothetical virtue in our usual conversation at the weekly prayer-meeting; and, if you will credit me, the people thought my description of it quite original! Original! nothing less so. This sort of sentimentalism is one of the commonest developments of poor, weak human nature. People are all the time getting out of their real conditions, to escape conviction of sin, and invent modes of self-praise. The religion of all of us is too much a huge "If." My poor brother says: "If I were rich, I would pay your church debt in less than twenty-four hours." Perhaps you would, my dearly beloved Out-at-the-elbows; but you will allow me to say that I think there are nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of a thousand that you would do no such thing at all. I give you the thousandth chance, to get all the comfort out of it that you can. No, no, sir. Duty is a homely fact, and not a Utopian vision. You may settle it as more than probable



that if you are not faithful where Providence placed you, you will not be faithful anywhere. Every day of real life brings its tests of fidelity, and he that abideth these, and he alone, shall be accounted at last a good steward of the Lord. And so my confession and my sermon end.—  
*The Independent.*

### THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,  
And, like a sunset down the sea,  
Slopes gradual, and the night wind cold  
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;  
And locks are gray

At winter's day,  
And eyes of saddest blue behold,  
And leaves all dreary drift away,  
And lips of faded coral say,  
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,  
Which leap as leaps the laughing main,  
Are dead to all save memory,  
As prisoner in his dungeon chain,  
And dawn of day

Hath passed away,  
The moon hath into darkness rolled,  
And by the embers wan and gray,  
I hear a voice in whisper say,  
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's  
prime

Is shrouded in the mist of years,  
And beauty, fading like a dream,  
Hath passed away in silent fears;  
And then how dark!

But oh! the spark  
That kindles youth to hues of gold  
Still burns with clear and steady ray,  
And fond affections lingering say,  
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing  
Spring

And golden Summer cease to be;  
And we put on the Autumn robe  
To tread the last declivity.

But now the slope,  
With rosy hope,  
Beyond the sunset we behold—  
Another dawn with fairer light,  
While watchers whisper through the  
night,  
There comes a time when we grow old.

### HELP THE FREED SLAVES.

THE war between North and South has now passed away, and in our own country and America all angry and controversial feelings are subsiding; we are learning to forget and forgive; and a great work of Christian philanthropy is now presented to us in the condition of four millions of blacks who are now declared free for ever.

Not only are kindly feelings springing up among ourselves and the people of the Northern and Southern States of America, but the chances of a serious war between the Americans and this country are being lessened through the suffering of the freed slaves and the sympathy evoked in the breasts of millions on both sides of the Atlantic by the efforts mutually put forth to reduce the sum of their misery. Large organizations are formed in America and Great Britain, and they are working together in such a friendly aim and with such a Christian spirit, we shall know and love each other better than we have ever done before.

We all remember with sincere gratitude the kind acts of the people of America during the Irish famine, and more recently during the cotton famine; how ships laden with food were sent to our ports—how the kindest and most liberal offerings were then interchanged. These are the times which bind nations together in better understanding, and avert those barbaric methods of warfare so costly and so unchristian. Now an opportunity offers itself, and we hope we shall all embrace it, to tender towards our own race in America our interest in that large and suffering class now filling their breasts with great anxiety.

We have all been made aware of the fact that a large amount of destitution and misery prevails among the 4,000,000 freed people of the United States. The most of them may be said to have possessed no homes, furniture, money or clothing of their own. Up to the present time they were, in everything they held, the property of their masters. This state of servility and dependence has come to an end. We cannot, therefore, calculate the amount of suffering there must necessarily be for a time among the class of freed people.



There is another source of misery they must necessarily encounter, the women and children especially: as many of the male slaves escaped during the war and joined the Northern army, the women and children were driven away from the plantations and their humble homes to find food and shelter where they best could. A wide, unfriendly and desolate country before them was a poor prospect for their future comfort.

Again, the planters having now ceased in reality to be their masters and to be in any way responsible for their support, and among the richest of their late employers money, food, clothing and other necessities being nearly exhausted, scarcely sufficient left for their own families, we cannot expect to hear of much kindness, charity or assistance from that quarter for a time.

The state of society in both North and South, after such a long, fearful struggle, will be followed by another struggle for life. Famine and poverty in some places are staring the people in the face. The condition of some of the Southern towns and villages is most pitiful, and the poor ignorant black is most likely to have the worst of it. In truth, in the Northern States he does not meet with the justice he should have. He is refused a place of labour in many factories and fields of useful occupation. The European labourer shew him less sympathy than the American, and bands of men sometimes strike against a negro being employed where they are. All these things the moral imperatively call upon us to help those who are helping him in America, that a negro may not perish in the present transition state of society there.

But what can we do, and how will our little help reach him so far away? We shall answer this question: A free transit for clothing to America has been arranged. The great demand is for blankets and flannel. Flannel and flannel goods are valuable. Sewing circles are everywhere needed for dresses and under-clothing. We have inaugurated a sewing class among our lady friends here, and this may be one in every one of our churches. *Flannels* for the export of those articles will be furnished. Contributions of money will help this good movement. We are glad to learn that

an agency has been established to advise and aid this movement in almost every town. The Society of Friends have been foremost in this matter.

This is no sectarian movement; it is entered into in America and England by all churches and those of no church. All shades of politics and religious belief blend together in this good work. The speech of our friend the Rev. W. H. Channing on the condition of the negro has been printed and circulated by the different societies and by men of very opposed religious sentiment. This is a thoroughly unsectarian movement. Our Unitarian brethren in America have appealed to us from their side of the water, and so have the leading men of all the different sects to their corresponding churches in this country. We must not be behind in this good work, but at once enter into a line of practical sympathy that will convince them we are not indifferent to their anxieties or cold to their appeal.

The government of America has manifested a proper and deep care in the present emergency. It has established a department and functionaries to see after the freed slaves, and to do what a government can do in helping the helpless. The officers of this department declare that nothing but the gifts of money and clothing spontaneously and liberally poured in from all parts of the earth can now save those 4,000,000 from misery, and many of them from death.

It is just as impossible for the American government to spend its money in this form of charity, as it would be for our government to feed and clothe the poor of our land. Yet the generous supervision of government agents, and the help of their means of transit, promised as well, will lessen the difficulties at present encountered over so wide a country as that with which they have to deal.

The subject of education engrosses much attention, for men can never be good and trustworthy citizens in a state of ignorance. The State department has ordered food and shelter everywhere to be provided for the teachers of the black population. Fully 20,000 such teachers are needed, and some salary must be given. The friends of the freed slaves



are worthily and vigorously engaged in this department, so that in a few years they may have the negro educated. It is simply idle and sinful for people to lift up their voice against negro education because they are now so ignorant. In every case they have proved apt to learn. There are dull scholars among them, as among us; but men and women who have met secretly in caves and cellars to get a little learning, are not to be in this wholesale manner condemned to ignorance. The poor blacks are now anxious for their children to be educated, and one who has been among them says,

"There was an evident feeling of interest prevalent among the scholars; they seemed eager to learn; and it is the universal testimony of every teacher with whom I have yet conversed, that in point of intelligence and aptitude for learning, the black child is not one whit behind the white; but, if anything, he is the quicker of the two. The teacher who is looked upon as the best in this city, has been seven years teaching in Boston (Mass.), and is now in these free schools. Her testimony was very clear: 'I have taught this class the same lessons which I taught in Boston to white children, and I can safely say that the lesson has been much more quickly mastered here than there, and with much less labour to myself.' The teachers are surprised at this, especially those who have only been accustomed to white children before. To these children, coming to school is looked upon quite as a treat (O how different was it with some of us in bygone days!), and it would please you much could you see the little dark-eyed girls (decked in their bits of finery) march into school, laden, perhaps, with large bouquets of flowers for their teachers, and take their places with an air of delight, which says, as plainly as action can say anything, 'Yes, massa, me free now; can come to learn book, learn sing, and den me short time write like white man.'"

A gentleman, writing from one of the hotels at Lake George, says, "The servants' department is filled with coloured men, neatly uniformed in white jackets, and every one skilled in his business. One of the best vocal and instrumental serenades ever heard was got up by them

one mellow moonlight night in front of the hotel. In answer to an inquiry, one of them replied that, out of the forty or fifty waiters employed in the hotel, every one could read, and, with one exception, all could write. Can you find the same number of white servants in any hotel equally intelligent and well educated?"

There is another pleasing and hopeful aspect in their state which makes them worthy of our aid—that, as a rule, they are anxious to get employment at fair wages, and in the course of a few years' time they will not need the charity of the white people at all. One who has just been among them says, "that the freedman must look for just that amount of help which is required to get him safely over this great turning-point in his history. And more than this he does not ask. It is the unanimous testimony of all with whom I have spoken, and of all who have mixed with the Southern negroes during the last few years, that he neither asks nor desires continued charity."

In spite of all the evil training of the blacks, they seem to have a spirit of independence about them, which makes them prefer a penny toiled for to a penny given to them as alms. A writer on their habits says, "To be satisfied that they are industrious is only to have one's senses aroused and his mind prepared for the evidence they present. Long before sunrise, even 'before the first approach of light,' some are astir and moving off for the day's work; and on, till an hour after sun, the streams may be seen out of Slabtown or Hampton, towards the wood or the oyster ground. All nearly all move as if for a purpose.idences of neatness, cleanliness, trust, and enterprise meet us almost at every turn, especially in Acretown. A woman carrying a basket on her head ('cents' not 'noticed') towards the railway house at Fort Monroe, was accosted thus: 'Going for rations?' 'Rations, sah! I draws no rations. Here I draws rations, sah,' laying one hand on the shoulder of the other, thus indicating that she had the means which her Maker had provided, instead of being dependent on others. Indeed, drawing rations is generally esteemed a mark of affliction of a low grade."

There is only one trait more we shall



refer to, and that is their generousness. They entertain as a class no vindictive feelings. They are kind, and kindness completely removes any ill feeling from ill treatment they may have previously received. We have heard innumerable proofs of their heroism in danger and in battle and in trouble, to stir up the coldest soul to act generously towards them.

We trust the readers of our little paper will all do something to lessen the poverty, ignorance and misery, of those "poor brethren," and thus as well help to bind two great nations together in Christian sympathy, and soften down any unkindly feelings possibly yet existing between us and the United States.

### THE BOY THAT LOVED HIS MOTHER.

SOMETIMES, when I have been visiting sick people, I have seen a little girl watching beside her mother's bed, and arranging her pillows, or stealing about on tiptoe to fetch anything she wanted, so fearful lest she should disturb her, and make her head ache. But more interesting still is it to see a little boy fulfilling such kind offices as he can for a dear, sick mother. Nursing is a part of a woman's work, and God gives her, for the most part, even in childhood, a gentle hand and a quiet step, to point out the work He means her to do. But boys are mostly noisy and thoughtless; so that I think it is much harder work for them to control their high spirits and creep about in a sick room.

But love, you know, makes even hard things easy; and I am going to tell you how a little boy not only watched over his sick mother, but was the means of saving her life.

First of all, you must know that in a small town of France, about a hundred years ago, there lived a miser. He was a man who loved money so much that he denied himself the common necessities of life in order to save it. A miserable, unhappy man was Master Lombard; for that was his name. He was by trade a chemist, and he made a great deal of money; but he lived just like a beggar. He had no wife nor children, nor even friends; he never shewed anybody any kindness.

At night, when he shut up his shop, he would sit by the smallest scrap of fire, and eat a dry crust for his supper; then he would bring out his gold pieces and count them over and over to himself. Alas! of what use were they hoarded up like that? I think if Master Lombard had ever tried the delight of doing good to others with even one of those gold pieces, he would have found counting them up a very poor pleasure in comparison. But he never did try it; he never gave anything away; he never made anybody happier. I do not know whether he ever read the blessed Bible words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he layeth out will He pay him again." If he did, they never reached his heart. He lent money to other people, to bring him in a profit; but he never tried the better profit of lending it to the Lord.

One cold winter's night he was sitting as usual in his back parlour, cold and shivering, with nothing in all the world to comfort him but his bags of gold, when he heard a knock at the outer door. He did not trouble himself to get up to answer it at first; for he thought perhaps it was only a foolish boy playing him a trick, and that, if it really were a customer, he would be sure to knock again. Presently the knock did come again, and then Master Lombard slowly rose from his seat, passed through the shop, unbarred door, and looked out into the street. The ground was covered with snow, and all was still and silent; so that he was about to close the door again, angry at having been disturbed for nothing, when a thinly clad boy stepped out of the shadow of the doorway.

"Please you, good Master Lombard, it is me."

"Me! and who dares disturb me at this time of night? Who says I never give to those who want? They speak false. You want a thrashing; and you shall have it," and he seized the trembling child to fulfil his threat.

He struggled from his grasp, and again began to tell his tale.

"Please, Master Lombard, I only want some medicine for my mother." Lombard would again have interrupted him, but he continued, "She is ill, sir,—she is dying, from want of food; but



this medicine may save her, if you will only give it me. Look, it is in Latin; but you can read it."

The apothecary took the paper from the boy's hand, and stepping back into the shop, put on his spectacles to read it. When he had finished, the boy told of his mother's affliction, and asked anxiously whether the remedy was a good one.

"Yes," said Lombard, "the remedy is good, but is dear; it will cost a good deal of money."

"O, what shall I do? for I have only fivepence," and the boy thought of his sick and dying mother, with an agony of distress.

The miser looked on in cold unconcern. Well does the Bible say, "The love of money is the root of all evil." He had gold in plenty, but he never thought of giving it to save a fellow-creature's life. "It is no affair of mine," muttered he.

"Oh, if you will only let me have the medicine," again sighed the child.

"Bring the money, and you shall have it; but not a drop without, I tell you," was the hard reply.

"O, Master Lombard, give me but the medicine for my mother, and I will be your servant, your slave; I will work for you night and day; I will do anything, go anywhere—only save my mother."

The hard and cruel miser began to relent. "I want a boy," he thought to himself; "I know this one to be steady and clever; I can work him hard, feed him little; it would answer my purpose. Yes, I will take the boy—I might have done worse;" and, having come to this conclusion, he made up the medicine, and then returned to his cold, solitary parlour to meditate over his bargain.

The grateful boy, meanwhile, hastened home to his mother. He gave her the coveted draught, which had cost him so much to earn, and then all through the night he watched beside the sick bed. It was cold and cheerless; but what mattered that? Others were sleeping, he was watching; others had comforts around them, he had none; but he cared not; his whole soul was absorbed in the one hope for his mother's life; and if that was spared to him, all else seemed

as nothing. His brave young heart rose even in the prospect of the difficult path to which he had bound himself, if only God would spare his mother.

And God did reward such love as this. When the morning dawned she opened her eyes; she spoke to him; she was better; the medicine had worked its desired end. When she was well enough to hear his story, how sad and grieved she was to hear of the hard lot before him, and yet how she thanked God for having given her such a son! She was a widow, in sickness and poverty, yet how rich she felt in the possession of this better gift than worldly goods!

In due time she recovered, and the boy entered upon his duties at Lombard's shop. Hard, indeed, they were, and very difficult he was to please; the food was bad, and lodging worse, yet he never complained; and, more than this, he prospered. The lad was clever—God had given him talents; better still, he was painstaking and industrious. As the years passed on, he grew rapidly in knowledge and in the good opinion of others; so that at last the poor, fatherless boy, the miser's apprentice, became a wealthy and celebrated man, the chemist Farmentier.

God does fulfil his own promise, and, even in this world, rewards and prospers those who honour their parents. There is only one commandment to which an earthly reward is attached; and when God promises, we may be quite sure He means what He says—"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Not that length of days may be exactly the shape the blessing may take to us; you know, to the Jew, length of days was the very best of earthly blessings, because each one hoped he might, by living a long time, live to see the promised Messiah; and so God, in this commandment, graciously appeals to this very feeling of their heart. But with us it is different, and it does not follow that the blessing will come to us in the form of a long life; but in some way God will shew that He is especially pleased with those who love and honour their father and mother.—*Child's Companion.*



## MADE TO BE DAMNED.

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon says, "I challenge those who believe this doctrine to look it in the face. Do you believe that God created man with no other intention than that of damning him? Well, if you can believe it, I pity you, that is all that I can say; you deserve pity, that you should think so meanly of God, whose mercy endureth for ever."

But what shall we say of those who believe that God created man with the perfect knowledge that the majority of them *would be damned*? Do not they also deserve pity for thinking so meanly of God? Is not the goodness and mercy of God called in question by what he *permits to be done*, as well as by what he *decrees shall be done*? Of what earthly use is the fact, that *God did not create hell for man, or man for hell*, if he institutes means, or allows them to be instituted, which consigns men to hell at last? And what difference will it make to *the damned*, whether they were made to be damned, or made with a knowledge that such would be the evil of their creation?

The Scriptures assure us, that of *God, to him and through him*, are all things. How then can any person reach an endless hell, as his final state, without God's intelligence and direction? And if he designed that all should be *saved* when he created them, while many are *not saved*, then his plan, purpose, intention, has been frustrated; and he must be disappointed and dissatisfied with the result of his own creation. Besides, if his purpose has been thwarted in this life, under the reign of his own law, what certainty can there be that it will not occur again in the future world?

God indeed *designs* that saints shall be for ever holy and happy; and, on the strength of his *intentions*, has provided them an eternal inheritance. But if his plan has once met with defeat and disappointment, what assurance can we have that it will not be so again?

On the other hand, if he *cannot be defeated*—if his *counsel shall stand*, and he *will do all his pleasure* (Isa. xlv. 10), how can any of his creation be endlessly damned, who were not created for damnation?—*Christian Repository*.

## THE WANING YEAR.

ETERNAL is the Power serene  
That brings the spring to all,  
But brief the space that lies between  
The ripeness and the fall.  
The earth in shadow and in glow  
Around the sun is rolled,  
And lightly come and lightly go  
The years that make us old.

O autumn night, reposing now  
Like bird with folded wing!  
As old men think of youth, so thou  
Recall'st the vanished spring.  
The loved one dies, the love remains;  
As, when the east is gray,  
The lulled and dreaming west retains  
Its memory of the day.

Across the autumn air the brooks  
Seem babbling of the past,  
Saying, "How tender-sweet the looks  
That are not made to last!"  
The mild breath of the waning year  
Comes up from holt and lea,  
And over distant downs I hear  
The sighing of the sea.

I stand beneath the infant night,  
Besprent with dewy drops,  
And see the crescent moon hang white  
Above the dark hill-tops.  
And, as the stars bloom thick and fast  
Out of the tremulous sky,  
Yet, by the waxing moon surpassed,  
Faintly beneath her lie—

Perfect, but faint, while she, secure  
In growth and power to come,  
Holds in a silver trance the pure  
Dark of the skyey dome—  
To find a symbol of our life  
Expressed in moon and stars,  
And reach at inner meanings, rife  
Beyond the world's dim bars.

The pasts are many and complete,  
With separate deeds, desires,  
Orbing with motion slow or fleet  
Their small but perfect fires.  
The future, moving up the night,  
Its dusky bulk unshewn  
Behind its glimmering verge of light  
Is crescent and alone.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**HELL.**—A curious book, with the sensation title of "Hell Demolished," has just appeared in Paris. It is by that inexhaustible anti-Catholic writer, M. Cayla, and its object is to demolish the belief in a hell.

**SABBATH.**—The women employed in Parisian shops are moving in favour of a better observance of the Sabbath. They have appealed to their employers, saying the day of rest is necessary in a moral as well as physical point of view.

**A GOOD CHART.**—"Well, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbour's son. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but you see, I've got safe compass to steer by." "Stick to it, stick to it," cried the man, "and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."

**MOTHER.**—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that hath pined in a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow and administered to his help? Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

**THE THORNS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.**—"I distinctly remember the first cross and disrespectful language which I spoke to my husband," said a lady whose married life proved wretched. "It was two years after our marriage, and we had lived happily till then—till then," she repeated with excited earnestness; "bitter, recriminating words which broke down the barrier of mutual respect. Once said, and it was easy to repeat them; unkindness was answered by coldness, disrespect by neglect." Words, words! It is the unguarded word which oftenest proves a root of bitterness in married life; the want of a proper discipline of speech which thrusts thorns and needles into family happiness. Young married people cannot be too careful in the exercise of a wholesome restraint over their tongues in their intercourse with each other, if they would preserve mutual respect and lay a solid basis for domestic tranquility.

**AN OPEN MIND.**—Heaven sends us ten thousand truths, but because our doors and windows are shut to them, they sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away.

**DO TRY.**—Five things a Christian should especially labour after, viz., to be humble and thankful, watchful, prayerful and cheerful.

**AVOID.**—There are three sights most detestable—a proud priest giving his blessing, a knavish hypocrite saying his prayers, and a false patriot making an harangue.

**HOW TO AVOID DISEASE.**—The great thing to do in order to ward off serious disease (and sickness never comes without a friendly premonition in the distance, only that in our stupidity or heedlessness we often fail to make a note of it), is simply to observe three things: 1. The instant we become conscious of any unpleasant sensation in the body, cease eating absolutely. 2. Keep warm. 3. Be still. These are applicable and safe in all cases; sometimes a more speedy result is attained, if, instead of being quiet, the patient would, by moderate, steady exercise, keep up a gentle perspiration for several hours.—*Dr. Hall.*

**HOW COURAGE IS IMPARTED.**—A little girl, sleeping by her mother's side, awoke in a severe thunder-storm, and, nestling in terror near to the mother, and shrinking into smallest possible space, said, trembling, "Mother, are you afraid?" "No, my dear," answered the lady calmly. "Oh, well," said the child, assuming her full proportions, and again disposing herself for sleep, "If you're not afraid, I'm not afraid," and was soon slumbering quietly.

**COMMENDABLE CONSIDERATION.**—A scene recently took place at a Paris wedding, in which refining influences of love and French politeness combined to present a very charming picture. The bridegroom, an honest and industrious locksmith, was uneducated, and when called on to sign the register, marked a cross. The bride, on the contrary, although belonging to a poor family, had received an excellent education. Nevertheless, when the pen was passed to her, she also signed a cross. The bridesmaid, a former schoolfellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied: "Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence myself teaching him to read and write."

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